PS 3539
.U98 L6
1910
Copy 1

1910

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0000270416A

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

LOVE IN ALL AGES

Songs and Fragments
of Days Old and New

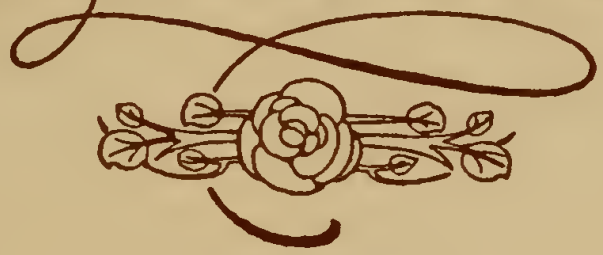
OVE in all ages! Aye, it seems
That all the laughing stars above
Which line the highways of our dreams
Were given light and life through love.

Love in all ages! Can we know
When love was not? For Eden's dawn
Was golden in love's olden glow
From ages that were dead and gone.

Love in all ages! Hold, for now
We put our finger on the truth.
Love sets his chaplet on the brow
And gives to us eternal youth!

LOVE IN ALL AGES

Songs and Fragments of Days Old and New



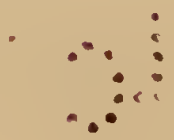
Edited by
Lois Willoughby

Published by
P. F. Volland & Company
Chicago

To

THOSE WHO HAVE LOVED
THOSE WHO WILL LOVE *and*
THOSE WHO LOVE TO-DAY

PS3539
.U98L6
1910



Copyright, 1910
By P. F. Volland & Co.
Chicago

©Cl.A256148

PRELUDE

LOVE AND TIME were children together.

In a garden planted eastward in Eden, Adam dwelt by a sparkling river amidst the beauties of the trees. In this wondrous garden came the first yearning for love, and every descendant of the father of the human race has felt the same longing.

Throughout the ages we find the story told over and over again. Through a haze these records of passion come down to us. The hieroglyphics of the Stone Age were as a sealed book until an ardent searcher noticed that one phrase appeared and re-appeared numberless times. At last, despairing of translating it scientifically, he followed his intuition and called it "I LOVE YOU." Then to his amazement he discovered he had found the key.

The years passed on and about 500 B. C., the famous Greek poet, Anacreon, composed many poems on love, which he defined as an engrossing amusement. A hundred years later Plato forsook his philosophy long enough to admit that "Each becomes a poet when Love touches him, though he was not musical before."

Horace, the beloved, dwelling in peace at the sequestered Sabine farm, sang amorous

songs. Happy hours spent with Horatian verse, however, convinces one that the Roman singer loved content and the simple joys of life far better than he loved Love. But who knows—he may have left some songs unsung.

The old Persians have given us beautiful lyrics, redolent of the perfume of roses and violets, and though shrouded in mysticism, they breathe the warmth of the far East.

The early English poets gave the subject much attention and their lines are full of charm and a certain pleasing recklessness.

The Eighteenth Century brought us poems of sincerity and much dignity. Truly, these verses belong to the age of the stately gavotte.

Modern poets, the poets of to-day, are writing our own love songs — telling the old, sweet story in accents we understand.

Since time began the songs of love have thrilled the world. From all countries and climes, from all nationalities and classes, they have come down to us, and they are ever the same. The universe is ruled by three short words, and the poet who yearns for everlasting fame need but to write in the universal language of all ages — the Language of Love.

L. W.

Love in All Ages

NOT to love is pain and woe,
And to love is pain also;
But to love unloved again
Is a tenfold sharper pain.

—*Anacreon.*

EACH becomes a poet when Love touches him, though he was not musical before.

—*Plato.*

LYDIA TO HORACE

FAIRER than stars is he—
More fickle thou than wind,
Than the vext seas more rude and
oft unkind;
But oh, my love, my love, I'd live,
I'd die with thee!

TRUE love, we know, is blind; defects that blight
The loved one's charms, escape the lover's sight,
Nay, pass for beauties.

—*Horace.*

THE BLEST

OH, trebly blest, and blest forever,
Are they whom true affection binds,
No cold distrust nor janglings sever
The union of their constant minds,
But life in blended current flows,
Serene and sunny to the close!

—*Horace.*

ON HIS LOVE

SWEET breeze! her breath thy murmurs bear,
The perfume of her sigh is thine;
But dare not play amidst her hair,
For every golden curl is mine!
O rose! what radiant hues hast thou,
That in her face less brightly glow!
Her love is joy without regret,
While briars and thorns thy bloom beset.

. . . . .

O my rapt soul! if thou hadst power
To choose all blessings earth can give,
Is there a better, richer dower,
Than for her tenderness to live?
Come, my sole love! from those dear eyes
Thy Hafiz is too long away;
Come, give his heart the sweet surprise,
Though 'twere but for a single day!

—*Hafiz.*

WHO shall say where love begins,
How its subtle way it wins?
Gods, who love the race they frame,
Cannot tell whence springs the flame.
Man may reason long and well,
But can never break the spell.

—*Scheik Feizi.*

THE water-lily pale with care,
Mourns as the waters pass her by;
"Alas," she sighs, "what woes I bear!
And must submit to misery:
But time can never teach my heart
From Love's delusive joy to part!"

—*Azz' Eddin Elmocadessi.*

WHAT are our deeds? — all
worthless, all —
Oh, bring Devotion's wine,
That strength upon my soul may fall
From drops Thou mad'st divine.
The world's possessions fade and flee,
The only good is — loving Thee!

—*Hafiz.*

PLACE thyself, oh, lovely fair!
Where a thousand mirrors are;
Though a thousand faces shine,
'Tis but one — and that is thine.

—*Moasi.*

A TRIBUTE

THE honey-dew thy charm might borrow,
Thy lip alone to me is sweet;
When thou art absent, faint with sorrow
I hide me in some lone retreat.
Why talk to me of power or fame?—
What are those idle toys to me?
Why ask the praises of my name?
My joy, my triumph is in thee!

—*Hafiz.*

A CONFESSION

THE temple I frequent is high,
A turkis-vaulted dome—the sky,
That spans the worlds with majesty.
Not quite a Moslem is my creed,
Nor quite a Giaour; my faith, indeed,
May startle some who hear me say,
I'd give my pilgrim's staff away,
And sell my turban, for an hour
Of music in a fair one's bower.
I'd sell the rosary for wine,
Though holy names around it twine.
And prayers the pious make so long
Are turned by me to joyous song;
Or, if a prayer I should repeat,
It is at my beloved's feet.

—*Omar Khayyam.*

THE FAIREST LAND

"TELL me, gentle traveler, thou
Who hast wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide;
Say, of all thine eyes have seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside? —
'Tis where those we love abide:
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed.

"Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place;
Though 'twere but a barren mound,
'Twould become enchanted ground.

"With thee yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream;
And thou canst make a dungeon's gloom
A bower where new-born roses bloom."

— *Rumi.*

SLAVE AND SERVANT

KNOW'ST thou why round his neck the dove
A collar wears? — it is to tell
He is the faithful slave of love,
And serves all those who serve him well.

— *Azz' Eddin Elmocadessi.*

RUBAIYAT

A BOOK of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

. . . . .

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

. . . . .

Ah Love! Could you and I with Him conspire,
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

— *Omar Khayyam.*

THE VIOLET'S TEARS

KNOW'ST thou why the violet's eyes
Gleam with dewy purple dyes?
'Tis that tears, for love untrue,
Bathed the banks where first she grew.

— *Omar Khayyam.*

I a Paradise can own
When I gaze on thee alone.

— *Moasi.*

CONSTANCY

OUT upon it, I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall mould away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

—*Sir John Suckling.*

BELIEVE THEM NOT

YOUR shining eyes and golden hair,
Your lily-rosed lips most fair,
Your other beauties that excel,
Men cannot choose but like them well;
But when for them they say they'll die,
Believe them not, they do but lie.

—*From* "BIRD'S COLLECTION OF SONGS."

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

. . . . .

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

—*George Wither.*

LOVE'S WANTONNESS

LOVE guides the roses of thy lips,
And flies about them like a bee;
If I approach he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
And sleeps within their pretty shrine,
And if I look the boy will lower,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth firm the same,
And if I tempt it will retire,
And of my plaints doth make a game.

Love, let me cull her choicest flowers,
And pity me, and calm her eye,
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers,
Then I will praise thy deity.

— *Thomas Lodge.*

GATHER THE ROSE

GATHER therefore the rose, while yet is prime,
For soon comes Age, that will her pride deflower;
Gather the rose of love, while yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.

— *Spenser.*

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED

GIVE me more love, or more disdain,
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danæ in a golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes; and he's possessed
Of heaven that's but from hell released.
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love. or more disdain.

—*Thomas Carew.*

WHAT LOVE IS LIKE

LOVE is like a lamb, and love is like a lion;
Fly from love, he fights; fight, then does he fly on:
Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leesing;
Love is ever sick, yet is never dying;
Love is ever true. and yet is ever lying;
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in loathing;
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing.

—*Thomas Middleton.*

TO GIVE MY LOVE GOOD-MORROW

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft
To give my Love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my Love good-morrow;
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin red-breast,
Sing birds in every furrow;
And from each hill, let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow;
To give my Love good-morrow
Sing birds in every furrow!

—*T. Heywood.*

THE SHORTEST DAY

THE day of brightest dawn (day soonest flown!)
Is that when we have met and you have gone.

—*Walter Savage Landor.*

TO CELIA

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!

—*Ben Jonson.*

IT'S good to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new.

—*Old Song.*

PAINS of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

—*Dryden.*

NO torment is so bad as love.

Burton's "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY."

A REASON

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part;
No, nor for a constant heart!
For these may fail or turn to ill:
So thou and I shall sever.
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why!
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.

—*John Wilkye.*

A PARADOX

WHO dares deny that this is true:
The whole is more than all its parts!
A whole love than divided love,
Or than half love from fifty hearts!

Yet who dares either this deny:
The part is more than is the whole!
That treasures halved with one dear love
Are more than doubled to the soul!

—*Arthur Dillon.*

THEN fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

—*Thomas Carew.*

FREEDOM AND LOVE

HOW delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying!

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has rueing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden,
Laughs and flies, when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last forever.

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel:
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging
Or the ringdove's neck from changing?
No! nor fetter'd Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

—*T. Campbell.*

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of your chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

— *Richard Lovelace.*

A DITTY

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thought and senses guide;
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his, because in me it bides;
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

— *Sir Philip Sidney.*

THERE'S a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this!

—*Thomas Moore.*

SONG

FALSE though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.

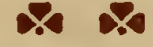
In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last;
And though the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

—*William Congreve.*

LOVE seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair.

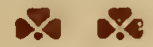
—*William Blake.*

PRAY how comes love?
It comes unsought, unsent.
Pray, how goes love?
That was not love that went.



LOVE conquers; and we must yield to love.

LOVE never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The Fool enlightens, and the Wise he blinds.
—*Dryden.*



EARTH holds no other like to thee,
Or if it doth, in vain for me.
—*Byron.*

BUT now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go
Is to stay here; with thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou.
— *Milton.*

LOVE is old,
Old as eternity, but not outworn;
With each new being born, or to be born.
—*Byron.*

ALL FOR LOVE

O TALK not to me of a name great in story!
The days of our youth and the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled;
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover,
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

—*Byron.*

LOVE

IN peace Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love.

—*Sir Walter Scott:*
"THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream;
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O beloved as thou art!

O, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and my eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast:
O press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last!

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

OH, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream.

—*Thomas Moore.*

JENNY KISSED ME

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

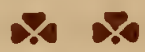
—*Leigh Hunt.*

OH Love! Young Love! Bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and these alone, redeem Life's years of ill.

—*Byron.*

MYSTERIOUS Love, uncertain treasure.
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure?
Endless torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live and live without thee!

—*Joseph Addison.*



NONE without hope e'er love the brightest fair;
But Love can hope where Reason would despair.

—*Lord Lyttelton.*

TO know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Make up life's tale to many a feeling heart.

—*S. T. Coleridge.*

TRUE LOVE

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! It is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

—*Shakespeare.*

LOVE is a smoke, raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

—*Shakespeare:* "ROMEO AND JULIET."

MEN have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

—*Shakespeare:* "AS YOU LIKE IT."

LOVE LIKE A SHADOW

LOVE like a shadow flies
When substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies,
And flying what pursues.

—*Shakespeare.*

THESE violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

—*Shakespeare:* "ROMEO AND JULIET."

LOVE'S heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

—*Shakespeare:* "ROMEO AND JULIET."

LOVE is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. —*Shakespeare:* "AS YOU LIKE IT."

THE BONNIE WEE THING

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it 'stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul of mine.

—*Robert Burns.*

MY JEAN

THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the Pole and Line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.
Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

—*Robert Burns.*

SHE has nae faut (if sic ye ca't),
Except her love for me.

—*Robert Burns.*

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly love the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

—*Robert Burns.*

O HAPPY love!—where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!

—*Robert Burns.*

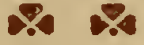
WHILE day and night can bring delight,
Or Nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move—
For thee, and thee alone, I live!

—*Robert Burns.*

BY night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame,
And aye I muse and sing thy name,
I only live to love thee.

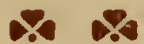
Though I were doomed to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run,
Till then, and then I love thee.

—*Robert Burns.*



HAD we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

—*Robert Burns.*



WI' the sleet in my hair, I'd gang ten miles and mair,
For a word o' that sweet lip o' thine, o' thine,
For ae glance o' thy dark e'e divine.

—*Scotch Song.*

'TIS sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside.

—*Robert Burns.*

A RED, RED ROSE

O H, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
Oh, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt in the sun,
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

—*Robert Burns.*

TO see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!

—*Robert Burns.*

THE GREAT ADVENTURER

OVER the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay;
If Love come, he will enter
And soon find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phœnix of the East;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover;
He will find out his way.

—*Anon.*

THE first sigh of love is the last of wisdom. —*Antoine Bret.*

SONG

LOVE, I follow thee, follow thee,
Wipe thine eyes and thou shalt see:
Sorrow makes thee blind to me.

I am with thee, blessing, blest;
Let thy doubts be laid to rest:
Rise, and take me to thy breast!

In thy bliss my steps behold:
Stretch thine arms and bliss enfold:
'Tis thy sorrow makes me cold.

Life is good, and life is fair,
Love awaits thee everywhere:
Love! is Love's immortal prayer.

Live for love, and thou shalt be,
Loving others, true to me:
Love, I follow, follow thee!

—*Bayard Taylor.*

A PLEASANT SONG

THE nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,
But I love him best of all.

For his song is all of the joy of life,
And we, in the mad spring weather,
We two have listened till he sang
Our hearts and lips together.

—*William Ernest Henley.*

FIRST, SECOND, THIRD

FIRST time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write,
And ever since it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world-greetings, . . . quick with its "Oh list!" . . .
When the angels speak. A ring of Amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair, O beyond meed!
That was the chrism of Love, which Love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness did precede.
e third upon my lips was folded down
perfect, purple state! since when, indeed,
have been proud, and said, "My Love, my own."

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

LOVE is the only good in the world,
Henceforth be loved as heart can love,
Or brain devise, or hand approve.

—*Robert Browning.*

IF I could have my dearest wish fulfilled,
And take my choice of all earth's treasures too,
And ask from Heaven whatsoe'er I willed,
I'd ask for you.

—*Song.*

THE WAYS OF LOVE

HOW do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as men turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

SINCE we parted yester eve,
I do love thee, Love, believe,
Twelve times dearer, twelve hours longer,
One dream deeper, one night stronger,
One sun surer, — thus much more
Than I loved thee, Love, before.

— *Owen Meredith.*

I LET the world go, and take love!

—*Robert Browning.*

"MAUD"

QUEEN rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries: "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps: "She is late;"
The larkspur listens: "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers: "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

NOT to be with you, not to see your face,
Alas for me then, my good days are done.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

SONG

IN Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit
That, rotting inward, slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping, — let it go:
But shall it? Answer, darling; answer, No.
And trust me not at all, or all in all.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

I HOLD it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

I CANNOT understand; I love.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

LOVE has power to give in a moment what toil can scarcely reach in an age. — *Goethe.*

THE LETTER

THE letter which you wrote me
Disturbs me not a whit;
You'll love no more, you tell me —
But there's too much of it.

Twelve pages, fine and neatly, —
A little manuscript;
One writes not so completely
When love's true knot is slipped.

—*Heinrich Heine.*
(Translation by Merle St. Croix Wright.)

THE DIFFICULTY

ABOUT my Darling's lovely eyes
I've made no end of verses;
About her precious little mouth,
Songs, which each voice rehearses;
About my Darling's little cheek,
I wrote a splendid sonnet;
And, — if she only had a heart,
I'd write an ode upon it.

—*Heinrich Heine.*
(Translation by James Freeman Clarke.)

I HAVE enjoyed the happiness of this world — I have lived and have loved. —*Schiller.*

A FLOW'RET

A FLOW'RET thou resemblest,
So pure and fair and blest;
But when I view thee, sorrow
Straight creepeth to my breast.

I feel as though inspired
My hands on thy head to lay,
And pray that God may keep thee
So blest, fair, pure, for aye.

—*Heine.*

MINE OWN

THE rose and the lily, the dove and the sun,
I loved them all dearly once, every one;
I love them no longer, I love now alone
The small one, the neat one, the pure one,
mine own.
Yes, she herself, the fount of all love,
Is the rose and the lily, the sun and the dove.

—*Heine.*

ROSES IN THE SNOW

THOUGH outside snow-piles are forming,
Though 'tis hailing, though 'tis storming,
Rattling 'gainst the window-pane,
Nevermore will I complain,
For within my breast I bear
Spring-joys and love's image fair.

—*Heine.*

YOUTH'S ANTIPHONY

"I LOVE you, sweet: how can you ever learn
How much I love you?" "You I love even so,
And so I learn it." "Sweet, you cannot know
How fair you are." "If fair enough to earn
Your love, so much is all my love's concern."
"My love grows hourly, sweet." "Mine too doth grow,
Yet love seemed full so many hours ago!"
Thus lovers speak, till kisses claim their turn.
Ah! happy they to whom such words as these
In youth have served for speech the whole day long,
Hour after hour, remote from the world's throng,
Work, contest, fame, all life's confederate pleas,—
What while love breathed in sighs and silences
Through two blent souls one rapturous undersong.

—*Dante Gabriel Rosetti:*
"The House of Life."

SPRING

WHEN buds of palm do burst and spread
Their downy feathers in the lane,
And orchard blossoms, white and red
Breathe Spring delight and Autumn gain;
And the skylark shakes his wings in the rain;

Oh, then is the season to look for a bride!
Choose her warily, woo her unseen;
For the choicest maids are those that hide
Like dewy violets under the green.

—*George Meredith.*

WHO KNOW NOT LOVE

AH, sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passions, tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love —
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk
Is life to those who, pilgrim wise,
Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray!
They stand in everlasting light,
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in his heart by night.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

I THINK we had the chief of all Love's joys
Only in knowing that we loved each other.

—*George Eliot.*

NOTHING is better, I well know,
Than love.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

THE RELIGION OF LOVE

SO thou but love me, dear, with thy whole heart
What care I for the rest, for good or ill?
What for the peace of soul good deeds impart,
What for the tears unholy dreams distil?
These cannot make my joy, nor shall they kill.
Thou only perfect peace and virtue art
And holiness for me and strength and will —
So thou but love me with a perfect heart.
I ask thee now no longer to be wise;
No longer to be good, but loving me.
I ask thee nothing now but only this.
Henceforth my Bible, dear, shall be thine eyes,
My beads thy lips, my prayers thy constancy,
My heaven thine arms, eternity thy kiss.

—*Wilfrid Scawen Blunt:*
"THE LOVE SONNETS OF PROTEUS"

TALK not of wasted affection — affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

—*Henry W. Longfellow:*
"EVANGELINE."

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS

(*From the German of Heinrich Heine*).

THE sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven;
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the Heaven
Are melting away with love!

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

SILENT LOVE

(*From the German*).

WHO love would seek,
Let him love evermore
And seldom speak:
For in love's domain
Silence must reign;
Or it brings the heart
Smart
And pain.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

AGRO-DOLCE

ONE kiss from all others prevents me,
And sets all my pulses astir,
And burns on my lips and torments me:
'Tis the kiss I fain would give her.

One kiss for all others requites me,
Although it is never to be,
And sweetens my dreams and invites me:
'Tis the kiss that she dare not give me.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

OH, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But Love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

SOMETHING the heart must have to cherish,
Must love and joy and sorrow learn,
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

WHERE we love is home,
Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts,
Though o'er us shines the jasper-lighted dome:—
The chain may lengthen but it never parts!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

TELEPATHY

"AND how could you dream of meeting?"
Nay, how can you ask me, sweet?
All day my pulse had been beating
The tune of your coming feet.

And as nearer and ever nearer
I felt the throb of your tread,
To be in the world grew dearer,
And my blood ran rosier red.

Love called, and I could not 'inger,
But sought the forbidden tryst,
As music follows the finger
Of the dreaming lutanist.

And though you had said it and said it,
"We must not be happy to-day,"
Was I not wiser to credit
The fire in my feet than your nay?

—*James Russell Lowell.*

O LADY, there be many things
That seem right fair, below, above;
But sure not one among them all
Is half so sweet as love.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

LOVE'S LIGHT

LOVE'S light is strange to you? Ah, me!
Your heart is an unquickened seed,
And whatso'er your fortunes be,
I tell you, you are poor indeed.

What toucheth it, it maketh bright,
Yet loseth nothing, like the sun,
Within whose great and gracious light
A thousand dew-drops shine as one.

—*Alice Cary.*

LIFE may to you bring every good
Which from a Father's hand can fall;
But if true lips have said to me,
"I love you," I have known it all!

—*Phoebe Cary.*

HAPPY, happier far than thou
With the laurel on thy brow,
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth.

—*Felicia Dorothea Hemans.*

LEARN that to love is the one way to know
Or God or man: it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him; his own love bestowed
Shall do it.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

EROS

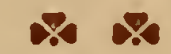
THE sense of the world is short,—
Long and various the report,—
To love and be beloved;
Men and gods have not outlearned it;
And, how oft soe'er they've turned it,
'Tis not to be improved.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

CHORUS OF BIRDS

EVERY flutter of the wing,
Every note of song we sing,
Every murmer, every tone,
Is of love, and love alone.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*



THE light of love shines over all;
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

"I'M sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

—*F. W. Bourdillion.*

I REMEMBER the only wise thing I ever did,
The only good, was to love thee.

—*Philip James Bailey.*

GOD measures souls by their capacity
For entertaining his best angel, Love.
Who loveth most is nearest kin to God,
Who is all love or nothing.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

FOR they alone have need of sorrow,
And they alone are poor,
For whom, in life, Love's holy angel
Hath opened not the door.

—*Mary Clemmer.*

WAITING

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights.
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs.*

UNDER THE ROSE

SHE wears a rose in her hair,
At the twilight's dreamy close;
Her face is fair, *how* fair
Under the rose!

I steal like a shadow there,
As she sits in rapt repose,
And whisper my loving prayer
Under the rose!

She takes the rose from her hair,
And her color comes and goes;
And I — a lover will dare
Under the rose!

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

PERHAPS it will all come right at last;
It may be, when all is done,
We shall be together in some good world,
Where to wish and to have are one.

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

THERE is a glory in tree and blossom,
A trill in the wild bird's tone,
A balm in the summer breezes,
That Love revealeth, alone.

—*Benjamin S. Parker.*

WHERE SHALL WE LAND?

"Where shall we land you, Sweet."— *Swinburne.*

ALL listlessly we float
Out seaward in a boat
That beareth Love.
Our sails of purest snow
Bend to the blue below
And to the blue above.
Where shall we land?

We drift upon a tide
Shoreless on every side,
Save where the eye
Of Fancy sweeps far lands
Shelved slopingly with sands
Of gold and porphyry.
Where shall we land?

The fairy isles we see,
Loom up so mistily—
So vaguely fair,
We do not care to break
Fresh bubbles in our wake
To bend our course for there.
Where shall we land?

The warm winds of the deep
Have lulled our sails to sleep,
And so we glide
Careless of wave or wind,
Or change of any kind,
Or turn of tide.
Where shall we land?

We droop our dreamy eyes
Where our reflection lies
Steeped in the sea,
And, in an endless fit
Of languor, smile on it
And its sweet mimicry.
Where shall we land?

"Where shall we land?" God's grace!
I know not any place
So fair as this —
Swung here between the blue
Of sea and sky, with you
To ask me, with a kiss,
"Where shall we land?"

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

From Riley "Love Lyrics," Copyright, 1905.
Used by special permission of the publishers,
The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

TO A GIRL

THOU art so very sweet and fair,
With such a heaven in thine eyes,
It almost seems an overcare
To ask thee to be good or wise.

As if a little bird were blam'd
Because its song unthinking flows;
As if a rose should be asham'd
Of being nothing but a rose.

—*Anon.*

BE MY SWEETHEART

SWEETHEART, be my sweetheart
When birds are on the wing,
When bee and bud and babbling flood
Bespeak the birth of spring,
Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
And wear this posy-ring!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
In the mellow golden glow
Of earth aflush with the gracious blush
Which the ripening fields foreshow;
Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
As into the noon we go!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When falls the bounteous year,
When fruit and wine of tree and vine
Give us their harvest cheer;
Oh, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
For winter it draweth near.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When the year is white and old,
When the fire of youth is spent, forsooth,
And the hand of age is cold;
Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
Till the year of our love be told!

From "Songs and Other Verses."
Copyrighted 1896 by Julia Sutherland Field.
Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

DEAR HEART OF LOVE

DEAR heart of Love! I seem
As one who in a trance discerns
The boon for which his spirit yearns,
And from his rapturous dream
Wakes to a fresher life and happiness supreme.

My dearest! If the might
And tenderness of manly trust
Can bless thy life, thy lover must
In darkness and in light
Forever turn to thee, thy goodness to requite.

Take all I have, my sweet!
Not diamonds nor worldly meed,
But what the heart's emotions need;
A love as infinite,
As the pure heavens that bend our happy hearts to greet.

—*George F. Butler.*

ALAS, how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too much or a kiss too long;
There comes a mist and blinding rain,
And things are never the same again.

HIS loves were like most other loves,
A little glow, a little shiver.

—*Praed.*

A LOVER'S ENVY

I ENVY every flower that blows
Beside the pathway where she goes,
And every bird that sings to her,
And every breeze that brings to her
The fragrance of the rose.

I envy every poet's rhyme
That moves her heart at eventime,
And every tree that wears for her
Its brightest bloom, and bears for her
The fruitage of its prime.

I envy every Southern night
That paves her path with moonbeams white,
And silvers all the leaves for her,
And in their shadow weaves for her
A dream of dear delight.

I envy none whose love requires
Of her a gift, a task that tires:
I only long to live to her,
I only ask to give to her
All that her heart desires.

Courtesy of the Century Company.

—Henry Van Dyke.

LOVE comes unseen — we only see it go.
—Austin Dobson.

RAISON D'ETRE

GOD made me for you.
He lit the frail lamp of my soul
And turned it low
Till it should answer to your touch,
And leap and glow
Deathless and true.

God made me for you.
He hid the eternal fire in me till you
Came,
To fan the smoldering embers into leaping
Flame,
Until I knew.

God made me for you.
My soul in life's dark night, a lamp
To light the way.
Heart's fire to try your might and glory
In its sway,
Till life is through.

—*Margaret Allen Carolyn.*

(*From "Smart Set."*)

LOVE'S but a dream—keep a-dreamin',
Life's but a song—why not sing?
All's what it seems—but the seemin'
You and you only can bring.

—*L. W.*

WHEN YOU GO AWAY

I SOMETIMES think that, when you go away,
Though I am blinded by my love and fear,
So very much are you the world to me
That I shall ever, somehow, keep you near.

Though miles dissever and though years divide,
My questing heart shall find you everywhere:
In every night the starlight of your eyes,
In every dawn the sunshine of your hair.

As all things that are beautiful and good
Must ever be a vital part of you,
So all good things and beautiful must hold
Your memory made mercifully true.

For them that love there is nor time nor space;
And I shall see, in Love's lore, learned and wise,
In every dawn the sunshine of your hair,
In every night the starlight of your eyes.

—*Reginald Wright Kauffman.*

(*From "Smart Set."*)

AWAKENING

WHO defies love to spring
Within a heart that sleeps,
A stern and frozen thing,
Hath soon forgot how slight
A marvel 'tis for trees
To blossom in a night

—*Aldis Dunbar.*

(*From "Smart Set."*)

A LITTLE FLOWER

A LITTLE flower
For a little maid,
In a garden grew.
The flower was shy
And was half afraid,
Like you.

It shrank away
From a stranger's gaze,
To the glist'ning dew;
And all the while
It was waiting, dear,
For you.

I plucked that flower
With its modest ways,
For a maid I knew;
And though 'twas shy,
It went unafraid,
To you.

For there is naught
In the whole wide world—
And I swear 'tis true—
I love so well
As that little flower,
And you.

—*Lois Willoughby.*

A LITTLE WHILE

'TWAS in the mellow autumn,
A haze was on the hill,
That perfect day I walked with her
And all my heart a-thrill.
Through lane and wood and meadow
We strayed a happy mile,
And all the gold my life could hold
Was in that little while.

Her beauty made me silent,
My tongue refused to speak,
I saw the love-light in her eye,
The blush that warmed her cheek.
My heart too faint to follow
The ways of maids and men,
I let her pass unwooed, alas!
Till we should meet again.

And never comes the autumn
With haze upon the hill
But in a dream I walk with her
And all my heart a-thrill.
Through lane and wood and meadow
We stray a happy mile,
And all the gold my life can hold
Is in that little while.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

(*From "Smart Set."*)

SHE hath no skill in living — but to love.
—*Stephen Phillips:* "ULYSSES."

HEART OF MY HEART

HERE where the season turns the land to gold,
Among the fields our feet have known of old,—
When we were children who would laugh and run,
Glad little playmates of the wind and sun,—
Before came toil and care and years went ill
And one forgot and one remembered still;
Heart of my heart, among the old fields here,
Give me your hands and let me draw you near,
Heart of my heart.

Stars are not truer than your soul is true;
What need I more of Heaven then than you?
Flowers are not sweeter than your face is sweet—
What need I more to make my world complete?
O woman nature, love that still endures,
What strength hath ours that is not born of yours?
Heart of my heart, to you, whatever come,
To you the lead, whose love hath led me home,
Heart of my heart.

—*Madison Cawein.*

NOT from the whole wide world I choose thee,—
Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea!
The wide, wide world could not enclose thee,
For thou art the whole wide world to me.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

ALL FOR LOVE

LOVE laid down his bow and quiver,
Thinking he would rest a while;
All the world began to shiver,
All the world forgot to smile.

All the roses quickly faded,
All the music died away;
All the world at once grew jaded,
Hope surrendered to dismay.

Every soldier, doubting, halted,
War was glorious no more;
Heroes who had been exalted
Scorned the medals which they wore.

Men no longer sighed for riches,
Fame lost all the charms it had;
Stupid toilers in the ditches
Dropped their shovels and were sad.

Love took up his bow and quiver;
Blossoms bloomed upon the plain;
Proud swans floated on the river,
War was glorious again.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

METHINKS no leaf would ever bud in spring,
But for the lover's lips that kiss, the
poets' lips that sing.

BALLADE UPON AVOWALS

'TIS simple for the absent bard
In rippling rhyme his love to write,
Yet bold Othello, battle-scarred,
Was as the meanest trembling wight;
In telling it he faltered quite
And could not find expressions fit
To tell of all his passion's height —
Great men and low have stammered it.

The soldier, bearded like a pard,
The courtier with his manner light,
And even stately Abelard
In solemn cowl and robe bedight,
Have gone by turns both red and white,
In silence, too, were fain to sit
As men in sudden, helpless fright —
Great men and low have stammered it.

Their halting words have somehow marred
Their gifts of jewels rare and bright,
And broidered stuffs, and precious nard,
To give their lady-loves delight.
E'en Romeo, that scented night
Which by the lantern-stars was lit
Grew dumb when Juliet met his sight —
Great men and low have stammered it.

L'ENVOI

Princess, these lines that I indite
Prove that I, too, am dull of wit;
My words are colorless and trite —
Great men and low have stammered it.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

SINCE YESTERDAY

WHAT a dismal world it seemed;
How its noises smote my ears!
Not a smile of gladness gleamed
O'er the boundless waste of tears.
Selfishness was everywhere,
Greed had crowded love away;
Every face was marred by care:
Ah, but that was yesterday.

There is glory on the hills,
Never was the sky so blue;
Songs are sung by all the rills,
Songs of gladness and of you!
All the world is full of glee,
All its woes are swept away:
You, my love, have come to me,
Changing all since yesterday.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

L'ENVOI

"'Tis Love that makes the world go round."

LOVE-LIT, the stars sing through the years,
And land and sea, and life and death,
And sighs and songs, and smiles and tears
Were given love in life's first breath.

But neither world, nor stars, nor time,
Nor flowered fields, nor desert place,
Have part in that enchanted clime
Of his who sees love in Her face.

W 18

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS